

C I T T  
A N D  
B U M P K I N ,  

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*THE SECOND PART.*

O R,  
A Learned Discourse upon  
S W E A R I N G  
A N D  
L Y I N G.

And other Laudable Qualities tending  
T O A

**Thorough Reformation.**

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The Fourth Edition.

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L O N D O N ,

Printed for Joanna Brome , at the Gun in St. Paul's  
Church-yard, 1681.

THE

WAMPIN

THE SECOND PART

OR

A Learned Discourse upon

WEARING

W. C.

And what scandalous Quaintnesses

of the

of the

of the

of the

## TO the READER.

**I**T is a great deal of Time, Pains and Good-Will, that I have employ'd upon my Duty, in the Vindication of the Church and State, from the Malice of Bold and Petulant Libels: And not one word of Reply, save only from the pitiful Expounder of my Answer to the Appeal (mentioned elsewhere) which was, (in truth) so clamorously silly, that instead of an Abuse, is proved a Complement. But to see the Luck on't: Just as I was about to take out my Quietus; the Cause cold it's mouth; and to every Bodies thinking, without either Breath or Pulse; Behold Two unanswerable Confutations; the One in Manuscript, by way of a Familiar Epistle; and the Other in Print. The Letter was a Prologue to the Book, as the Book may (in good time) be a Prologue to the Pillory; if making the King One of the Three Estates, may recommend the Author of it to that Preferment. This Epistle of his crept in the dark one Night into my Book-sellers Shop; as Naturally as if his Mother had been a Bulker, and yet the Man's no Bastard neither, at least by the Mothers side; as you will find by his Stile and Logick; which speaks him as True a Son of the Kirk, as if the Pamphlet had been written with the very Milk of his Dam. It is drawn out into Two Large Folio's; and truly too much, and too beastly, to recite at length; so that I shall only present ye with here and there a Talt, of his Vein and Humour, and some short Notes upon it, by the By. He begins, Monsieur CRACK. Now there may arise some Controversie perhaps, among the Criticks, about the Word Crack, and so I shall Expound it to ye: But you'll find the Rest to be exceeding plain.

## The Preface.

One Griffith wrote, a smart Paper of Verses upon Dr. Wild, wherein he call'd him the Presbyterians Jack Pudding. This was an Allusion proper enough; for why should not Mountebanks in Religion have their Jack Puddings as well as Mountebanks in Physick? But however, the Dr. took me to be the Author of the Copy, and in Revenge, (the News-Book being at that time in my hand) was pleas'd to Christen me the Crack-fart of the Nation, as it may be many an honest mans Fortune to have a Wag to his God-father. This Secret I have told the Reader in Confidence; and I hope it shall go no further: and upon that assurance I proceed.

[Tis no new thing (saies the Letter-Man) for Pimping to raise a Villain to preferment; and that has been of late your daily Bread: For what is all your Impudent Scribbling, but the Act of Pracuring for Popery and Tyranny? So that writing for the King and the Church it seems, is writing for Popery and Tyranny.]

And again, Dr. Oates is as much above your Malicious Raillery: as you are below common Honesty; and even CARE, I am confident can bestow time better, than in minding the Yelps of such a Cerberus, such a Prostituted Rascal, a Sycophant to Cromwell, Betrayers then of Cavaliers.]

Nom if it be Malicious Raillery, to magnifie Dr. Oate's services; to improve his Discoveries; to elevate his Abilities; to set forth his Hazards (on both Sides) as well from the Fanaticks, as the Jesuits; to maintain him for a Canonical Assessor of the Church of England, against all Gainsayers; to Enumerate the Good Offices he has render'd to the poor Protestants, and to pray that he may be rewarded according to his Deserts, for all the good he has done us: If this, I say, be Malicious Raillery, then am I Guilty of it: But if all this be good, where's the Malice?



## The Preface.

*Or if it be True, where's the Raillery? And this is not all neither; the purging of my Self: But whosoever calls this Deference and Justice to the Doctor, by the Name of Raillery, does manifestly imply the Ground of it to be False; to the wounding of the Dr's. Testimony, and to the blasting of him in the Reputation of his Literature, Probity, and Manners.*

*There's the same hand again in Tom and Dick; (for I'll publish his Pamphlet for him) pag. 28. L'Estrange (he says) has Serenaded D. Oates of late most notably; and caress'd him, just as Joab did Abner. In which Case I shall Appeal to Authority for Justice upon the Defamer of the Kings Evidence, and a Loyal Subject both in One. In the same Page he makes a Proffer at an Argument. He that is not against us (he says) is with us: But L'Estrange never wrote against Papists, and therefore he's a Papist: by which Rule, if the Author never wrote against Lame Giles in Holbourn; or a Little Lowsie Monky in the Old-Bayly; then the Author is a Lame Giles in Holbourn, or a Little Lowsie Monky in the Old-Bayly. The man Swears ye see, on the behalf of the Dr. but when he comes to his Friend CARE, he's stark mad, (the Lord bless us) and falls into Fits; Cerberus, Rascal, Sycophant, Traytor; for there's a wonderful Sympathy, you must know, betwixt the Author and this same CARE. But these are the Ornaments and Idioms of his Profession; I must not call them Lies, but Presbyterianisms.*

*Yet again, [Really Roger, Thy Fiddle is as Damnable out of Tune, and Thy Credit as much out at Elbows, as when thou didst prostitute Body and Soul to Noll's High Nose; and thou wilt look shortly worse by half than Harris in the Pillory, &c.] And yet once more, Pre-thee get S— (that Quintessence of Knavery) or any of the St. Omer Rogues, thy Common Companions; I see thee, and some Irish Cut-Throats every Night with thee, at Man's, &c.*

*Here's*

## The Preface.

*Here's Another Flower of his Rhetorick, and the Blaspheming of a Protestant Martyr, over and above; with two or three Presbyterianisms more into the bargain.*

*Here's Wit at will ye see, in the Dialect, directly of a Western Barge: But the Man's in a Course of Physick, and there's no more contending with him, than with the Governour of a Night-Cart, that carries his Arguments in his Tubs. It is said to be the work of one Harry Langly-Samuel: But whoever it is, by my Troth, I do e'en pity the Wretch, for he's set on, and only Barks for a Crust. But upon the whole matter there went more Heads than One, I'll assure ye, to this Learned Piece; and (as Lacies Wench (in Monsieur Ragou) said of her Bastard, 'tis the Troops-Child; and a very Unmannerly Brat it is; I'll be judge by the Third Merchant else.*

*Now to conclude in a grave Word or two, this way of Fooling is neither my Talent, nor my Inclination; but I have great Authorities yet, for the taking up of This Humour, in regard not only of the Subject, but of the Age we Live in, which runs so much upon the Droll, that hardly any thing else will down with it. Give me leave to say further, that in this Dress of Levity, I have not only avoided the Scurrility of a Buffon, and the Hyperbole of an Extravagant, and Unnatural Satyr, but I have endeavour'd to paint Truth it self to the Life, without any Prepossessions of Malevolence against either Parties or Persons. The King and the Church have been already destroy'd (even within Our Memories) under the Disguises of Loyalty, and Holiness. And these Dialogues are only presented to the Publick, as a kind of Historical Map of our Late Miseries; that by laying open the Rocks and Sands that we perisht upon before, the People may be Caution'd against the Danger, and Design of a Second Mis-carriage.*

## CITT and BUMPKIN.

## The Second Part.

Citt. **L** Et's e'en jogg on to *Hampstead* then; and talk it out, where we may look about us.

Bum. Trueman's a *meddling-Coxcomb*, and there's an end on't. An *Eves-dropping-Cur*, to bolt in upon us out of a *Closet* so.

Citt. 'Tis as I told ye, *Bumpkin*, and ye may lay it down for a *Swearing and Lying* *Maxim*; that *SWEARING* and *LYING* *Governs the World*.

Bum. Why *what do ye think of* *Canting*, *Coufening*, *Plotting*, *Poysoning*, *Supplanting*, *Suborning*.

Citt. 'Tis all from the *same Root*, and the *Conning* of *this Lesson* makes ye master of your *Trade*.

Bum. Of *what Trade*, as thou lov'st me?

Citt. The *Trade of Mankind*, *Bumpkin*; the *Trade of Knavery*: The *Trade of turning Dirt into Gold*: The *Trade of Advancing Rascals*, and *Overturning Governments*; The *Trade of taking the Covenant with One hand*, and *Cutting a Throat with the Other*; the *Trade of the Temple-walks*; The *honest Affidavit-Trade*.

Bum. But dost thou call *this* an *Honest Trade*, *Citt*?

Citt. Yes, yes, *Bumpkin*, it is a very *Honest Trade* that a man's the better for; and he's a very *Honest Man* too that lives by his *Calling*. Why it brings *Power* and *Reputation* along with it; nay, and it brings money too, that brings every thing.

Bum. *Reputation say'st thou? why they're two of the Damn'dest Qualities in Nature*.

Citt. And yet *these two damn'd Qualities*, as thou call'st them, got the better of the *Late King*; and afterwards of the *Commons*; and after that of the *Protector*; and to be plain with ye, *Bumpkin*, 'tis all that we our selves have to trust to.

Bum. I cannot imagine *what kind of Swearing and Lying* it is that ye speak of.

Citt. I do not speak of the way of the *Bulleys*; the *Dam-me-Boys*,

I swear seldom  
but to Pur-  
pose.

*Boys, or the Irish Cut-Throats: I hate that Confounding, Damning, Sinking, Rotting humour of Swearing. I am for the Swearing Sel-dome, and to purpose: That is to say, for the Engaging of a Party: or for the making out of a Stabbing Evidence. or so.*

\* *Bum. Oh ho, I understand ye now; and the Scrupling of a Small Oath, gives a man Credit in a Great One.*

Religious  
Swearing, and  
Profane.

*Citt. There's a great difference betwixt Swearing in a Religious way and in a Profane; though the Substance of the Thing Sworn come all to the same Pass: for there's Heaven and Hell in the case, on both sides. As in the instance now of the Late Protestations, Vows, Oaths and Covenants that were Sworn in the Presence of the Almighty and Everliving God; and as the Lords and Commons should Answer for's at the last day: In assertion of their Zeal, and Affection for His Majesties Honour and Authority, and the Establishment of our Religion, Laws and Liberties. What a Dignity, what a Majesty is here in the very Style and Number! Though in the Conclusion let me tell ye, the Project went quite to another Tune.*

*Bum. Ay, ay, the Dam-me of the Covenant in the Church striges a man with such a Reverence methinks over the Hectors Scandalous Dam-me in a Tavern.*

*Citt. Most acutely observ'd; for the Scandal lies in the Condition of the Place, and in the Sound of the Words, not in the Meaning of them.*

Consciences  
harden by de-  
grees.

*Bum. I had terrible Qualms at first, Citt. about the Swallowing of Oaths, and other Puntillos of Scruple; but they are noising so frequent of Late, nor so Troublesome as they were wont to be.*

*Citt. That will all over, Bumpkin, in time. Where's the Good Fellow that did not Puke upon his First Debauch. And a Band is never the less Reverend, because she whimper'd perhaps some five and fifty years ago, for the Loss of her Maidenhead. Nay, it was a good while before our Hero's Themselves could bring their Oaths of Allegiance, and their Covenants to Conjoinable together.*

*Bum. Why for that matter, All's but Use Citt.; All's but Use.*

*Citt. Nothing in the World else: And when a man has got the Trick on't, if he has taken Twenty Oaths, hee'll fetch ye up any One of them again, that you'll call for, with as much ease, as the Water-drinker at Bartholomew-Fair does his Several Lignors.*

The tye of an  
Oath.

*Bum. It is certain, that an Oath, or the calling of God to Wit-ness, is the most Solemn and Universal Tye in Nature, and so Ac-compted among People of all Nations and Opinions.*

*Citt.*

*Citt.* And there's no doubt, but the Influence, that it has upon Men's minds, is the most Powerful of all Impressions; and of the greatest effect in the Manage of our most Important Affairs. So that it is no wonder to see all Matters of the highest moment, as well *Private*, as *Publick*, as well *Warrantable*, as *Not*, committed to this way of *Caution* and *Test*.

*Bum.* 'Tis very true, as in the Case of Testimony, Civil Duty, and Canonical Obedience.

*Citt.* Now as the Wit of Man could never invent a more Competent Expedient, than *These Oaths*, well apply'd for the Maintenance of the Government, and the Support of Publick Justice: So whosoever would Dissolve this Frame, must find a way to introduce OTHER OATHS in Opposition to *These*; and to turn the Edg of the Law, and of the Gospel against it self, by drawing the most Popular Lawyers and Divines into the Party. This is the naked Truth of the business; and to deal plainly with ye, unless you give me your Solemn Oath, that you'll be True to me, and Firm to the Cause in hand, I must not move one Inch further.

*Bum.* Why then, by all that was ever sworn by before, I will be Both.

*Citt.* The League is now struck, and the sooner we unmask the better; for it begets Freedom, and Confidence in each other.

*Bum.* Here are two difficulties in the way, which I would fain have remov'd; the One is, how to get the People to take such an Oath of Opposition as is here imagin'd; and the Other is how to Countenance and Palliate the keeping of that Oath when they have taken it.

*Citt.* It was the Master-piece of our Late Reformers, to contrive such an Oath, as in the Sense and Grammar of it carry'd the face of a Provision for the Common Benefit and Security, both of King and People, upon pretence that the Government Civil, and Ecclesiastical, and the Protestant Religion it self were all in danger. This plausible Imposture went down with the Common People, without much Examination; especially under the Colour of a Parliamentary Authority: to back it: And it was so far from appearing at first Blush, to thwart the Regular Oaths of the Government; that it seem'd to the Multitude rather to Second and Enforce them. But when they came to find that they had sworn to they knew not what, and that this Covenant being Originally design'd for an Engine to Unbidge the Government, the Takers of it were ty'd up to the Sense of the Imposers: They had but this Choice before 'um; either to comply with the Ends of the Cabal that

The Use and danger of Oaths.

The Project and Mystery of the Covenant.



set it afloat; or to deliver up their Lives and Fortunes at Mercy.

Bum. So that the Letter of the Oath was for the Government, and the Intent against it. But what Arguments did they use for the supporting of it, after the Discovery of the Fraud?

The Covenant had all the following Oaths in the Belly of it.

Citt. Only the Common Arguments of Exorbitant Power; Jayls, Plunders, Confiscations, Axes, Gibbets, &c. for breach of Covenant.

Bum. Well, but there was a Train of Contradictory Oaths afterwards one upon the Heel of another, thorough I know not how many changes of State; what became of the Covenant in those Revolutions?

Citt. The Single Covenant had all those Oaths in the Belly of it; and as many more, as it is possible to find Cases within the Compaſs of Humane Apprehension: for it imported an absolute and implicit Resignation to the Will and Pleasure of whoever was Uppermost, so that the Submissions of those times were only look'd upon as Passive, and Temporary Yieldings to the Present Power, still as one Interest justified out another.

Bum. And there were some too, it may be, that when they were once Fool'd out of the way, made it a Matter of Conscience not to be set Right again.

Citt. Oh, there were a great many that thought themselves bound by the Latter Oath, and Discharg'd of the Former; especially when they had got the better end of the Staff, and all Power is from God, in Their Favour. But to be short, what out of Fear, Shame, Weakness, Obstinacy and the like; they stuck to the Combination, and made themselves Masters of the Government.

Bum. You have here set forth in the famous Instance of the Covenant, how easily, and by what Means the Multitude may be inveigled into Engagements; and you have laid open the Consequences of such Leagues, and the Difficulty of Retriving them: But how shall we apply This Model now to our Purpose?

Citt. Why just as they apply'd the Holy League of France to Thiers: for the Common People have the very same Passions, the same Weaknesses, Now, that they had then; and if some of our Cock-brain'd Zealots had not out-run the Constable, we might have been half way to our Journeys end by this time.

The Good Old Cause cools of late.

Bum. Nay, the truth of it is Citt; the Nation is nothing near so hot upon the business now, as they were some Ten or Twelve Months ago: and they grow still cooler and cooler methinks, every day more than other.

Citt.



*Citt.* And what's the Reason of all This, now? we play our Game too open, and the Plor's Discover'd.

*Bum.* *Well, well Citt: Some Body will smook for this one day.*

*Citt.* If we could have contented our selves with an orderly Improvement of the *Popish Conspiracy*, and gone thorow the work of *Religion*, before we medled with *Matter of State*; we had done the *Job*, but the *Republicans* hurry'd us on so fast, (Ay and *Great ones* too) I should be loth (as thou sayst) to be in some of their *Jackets* for't.

*Bum.* Nay, really I was sensible of it myself, that they did things hand over head; and ran on many times without either Fear or Wit. But however, I should be glad to be particularly instructed how far they did Well or Ill, what they should have done instead on't; where they did amiss, and what we our selves are to do, as the *Case* stands with us at present.

*Citt.* This is a *Contemplation* well digested, and I'll speak by and by to thy four Questions in course as they lye.

We have been hammering (thou knowest) at *Popery*, *Ceremonies*, *Subscriptions*, *Oaths*, and *Tests*, *Liberty of Conscience*, and now gain'd little ground of late. and then a snap at *Arbitrary Power*, ever since the King came in without gaining any ground upon the *Government*, more than what we bought with our *hard Money*; that is to say, so many flowers of the *Crown*, for so many *Taxes* and *Supplies*. (The Nation being divided upon these points, and the *Crown* and *Church-Party* standing in *Opposition* to the other), at length broke out this accursed *Design* upon the *Life* of our *Sovereign*, and our *Establish'd Religion*, Which Providence united *Both Interests* in *One common Cause*, though with differing *Ends*.

*Bum.* This you'l say, was a fair *Foundation* laid, as to the *Total destruction* of the *Papists*, but when That's done, *Citt*, where are we to be Next?

*Citt.* Why that will never be done man; while there's a *Surplice* or a *Bless'd Garter* in the *Three Kingdoms*, For there's your *Church-Papist*, your *Pensioner-Papist*, your *Papist in Masquerade*, your *Concealed-Papist*: These are all of 'um forty times worse than your *Known*, *Jesuited*, and *Barefac'd Papist*: And in one word, 'tis as easie a thing to give any man the mark of the *Beast* that stands in our way, as for a *Horse-Courser* to make a *Star* in a *Jades Forehead*. No end of Papists.

*Bum.* Without all doubt *Citt*, and whosoever doth not *Petition*, *Protest*, *Associate*, *Covenant*, *Act* and *Believe* as We do, is a *Rank Papist*.

How to know  
a Papist.

*Citt.* Nay, I'll go further with ye *Bumkin*; I'll tell ye by a *Mans Evidence*, his *Furniture*, his *Trunk*, his *Brains*, or his *Estate*, without ever examining his *Faith*, whether he be a *Protestant* or a *Papist*. I have led ye a little out of the way, to shew ye this secret, and assure your self, *whenever this Cloak fails ye, y<sup>e</sup> are left naked*. But now to the Question of *managing* this Occasion.

How far the  
Fashion acted  
Prudently.

So far as the *Court*, the *Church*, and *Bench* went along with us, in the *Opening*, the *Exposing*, the *Discountenancing*, and passing *Sentence* upon this *Hellish Plot*, we could not do amiss. And then it was well follow'd, in getting the *Papish Lords* out of the *House*; in dividing the Order of *Bishops* into *Three Protestants*, and the *Rest Papists*, as it has been since, in feeding the *Peoples Jealousies* all over the Kingdom, with daily *Intelligences of New Fiers, New Plots, New Discoveries*, to keep their *Fears making*, though in most *Cases* without any *Ground* whatsoever.

*Bum.* *'Twas a plain thing there, in some of the Penmen of the Narrative to bring the King into the Plot against himself, was't not?*

*Citt.* Well, and was it not a notable *Pull*: to charge it so home upon the *Council*, that *They would clap up no body for't?*

*Bum.* And really to give the *Intelligences* their *Due*, they ha'n't spar'd telling his *Majesty*, the *Judges*, and the *Bishops* their own *neither*.

*Citt.* It has been well enough done too, to Brand Those for *Publick Enemies*, that would not go along with *Us*, and for *Popishly affected*, that but so much as open their *Mouths* for *Moderation*; to ply his *Majesty* with *Petitions*, the *City* and *Countrey*, with *Speeches*, *Remonstrances*, and *Appeals*. The *Starting* the *Case* of the *Succession* was not amiss neither, nor the *President* of *Queen Elizabeths Association*.

*Bum.* But I have heard my *Old Master* speak of that *Association*, as a *Trick of State*, with a special regard to the *Queen of Scots*, and that though *Camden* makes the *Queen* say that she had no knowledge of it before it was presented, he does not say so yet himself.

*Citt.* There have been several *Deliberations* also upon *Entring* into *Publick Protestations* of *joyning* as one man against *Poperie*, that have been very favourable to our purpose; and it was no ill *Contrivance*, the *burning* of the *Pope* with that *Solemnity* in *Fleet-street*.

*Bum.* And what do ye think of the *List* of the *Unanimous Club* of *Voters*? (*That about the Court-Pensioners I mean*) That was a notable device, let me tell ye; for hardly any of them got into the *House* after.

after. But still if all this has been so much to our Advantage, how comes it that we loose Ground, and that any thing else should take place against Us.

Citt. We may e'en thank a Company of Hot-headed Fools in our own Party, for taking off the Mask too soon; and for Writing and Printing so unseasonably against the Civil Government what ever came uppermost: which they have done to that degree of Inconsiderable Rashness, that the Long Parliament had an Army in the Field, before they ventur'd half so far. They have already set the Lords and Commons above the King, plac'd the Government in the People; nay, they have been Nibbling already at the Militia, the Power of Life and Death, and of Calling, and Dissolving Parliaments: They have Reviv'd the 19 Old Propositions; tearing his Majesties Servants and Ministers out of the very Arms of their Master; and they have as good as told the King in plain Terms before-hand, what he is to trust to; I do not speak here of any of our Parliamentary Proceedings; but of the Licence of Private Libertines that write and talk at random.

The over-  
fight of the  
Fanatics.

Bum. Nay 'tis but too True, Citt; For't has been cast in my Teeth Twenty times: Matters are come to a fine pass, They cry, when the Kings Life is to be preserv'd by those that would take the Crown off on's head; and the Protestant Religion by the Profest Enemies of the Church of England. But you have told me wherein they did well and ill, let me hear in the next place what they should have done if you had been their Adviser.

Citt. They should have perpetuated the Apprehensions of Popery by good Husbandry and Manage, without running the whole Party down at a Heat, till there was hardly a Papist left in a Country for a man to through his Cap at.

Bum. Why That's the thing, man; They have destroy'd the Game to that degree that we are e'en ready to eat up one another.

Citt. Ay, ay; so many Preachers, they have spoyl'd all: we should have kept a stock of Priests and Jesuits in Reserve, and play'd 'um off now and then, one after another at Leisure. This would have entertain'd the Multitude well enough; and kept the Humour in a Ferment, and Disposition for greater Matters.

Bum. Very Right, Citt; we should have hang'd to day as we may hang to morrow; for an Execution is an Execution; if it be but of One, as well as of Twenty.

Citt. Yes, and we see besides, that much Blood, and Numerous Executions turn the Holy Rage of a People many times into a

Preachers  
have destroy-  
ed the Game.

Much Blood  
turns Rage in-  
to Pity.

Foolish

*Foolish, and Degenerate Pity, over and above, that at the other Thrifty Rate, we could never have wanted matter to work upon.*

Rash Inform-  
ers scandalize  
better Evi-  
dence.

Burn. *There's hardly any thing, Citt; that has done us more Mischief, than the accusing of This Lord, That Commoner, This Bishop, That Alderman; This Citizen, That Country-Gentleman, for Popishly affected; when the whole world knows 'um to be Church-of-England-Protestants. One crys 'tis Spite to the Person, Another will have it to be Malice to the Government; a Third calls the Informers a Company of Rogues, that care not what they say, and brings a Scandal upon better-Evidence; Nay, and who knows at last, but these pittiful Fellows may be set on by the Papists, to disparage the Plot?*

Citt. *Not unlikely Bumpkin; for there's nothing makes men more Secure and Careless, in the Case of Real Dangers, than the Frequent Trifling of them with false Alarms. But yet let me tell ye, as to the other-point; that it is not Simply the Charging of men, (according to your Instances) for Popishly-affected, but the Charging of them Unreasonably, that does Us the great Mischief. For our work will never go on without Popery; and rather than Want Papists, we must Create them. But this is not a Project to be perfected at a Heat.*

Burn. *And we are not in Condition, Citt; to wait the doing of it by Degrees. What becomes of us now then?*

More hast  
then speed.

Citt. *Oh, set your heart at ease for That, Bumpkin; we have Twenty-Irons in the Fire; and if those fail, we'll have Twenty Fires more, and Twenty times as many Irons again in every Fire. We should have gone on fair and softly, in the very steps of our Predecessors: But if Men will leave the plain Road, and be trying Experiments upon their own Heads, over Hedge and Ditch, to find out a nearer way to their Journeys End; who can help it, if they break a Leg or an Arm by the way, and so fall short at last?*

Burn. *Why then 'tis but so much time lost, and going back into the Road again.*

Citt. *Just as if when a man has shewed himself, and frightened up the Fowl, you should send him back again to his Stalking-horse, and make his Shoot. But as it is, however, we must make the best of a Bad Game, and take our measures as we see Occasion.*

Burn. *As how, take our Measures, I pretbee?*

Citt.



*Citt.* As thus *Bumpkin*, We must shape our Course, according to the Circumstances before us, with a respect to the *Power*, and *Interest of Parties*, *Change of Counsels*, and to the *State*, the *Humour*, and the *Instruments of Government*: So that what's beneficial to day, may be dangerous to *morrow*, and perhaps Profitable again the *Next*.

Rules of Policy vary with the Matters they are to work upon.

*Bum.* But how shall the Common People judge of these Niceties?

*Citt.* Why they are not to Judge at all, ye Fool: but to be managed, with *Invisible Wires* like *Puppets*: and not to know either the *Why*, or the *What*, of things, but to do as they are bid.

*Bum.* I have been expecting a good while that ye should say something concerning Swearing.

*Citt.* Why so I Have, and so I Will. But I'll first give ye the whole Scheme of the business in short. The Government can never be Undermin'd, but by a *Confederacy*: there can be no *Confederacy* without an *Oath*: Nor any thought of a *Popular Oath*, without a Colour of some *Ambority* to Countenance it: Nor any *Colourable Ambority*, but in a *Well-affected House of Commons*; and that *Qualification* depends wholly upon a Right Choice of the *Members*, as that *Choice* again depends upon the good *Inclination* of those that Choose them.

*Bum.* So that the good will of the People is the Key of the Work; and we have gain'd that point already.

*Citt.* We HAD gain'd it *Bumpkin*; but they fall off most *con-* Practices in  
foundedly. The next step, is a *Well-principled House of Commons*. Elections:  
(and the Rest follows in course,) How this will prove I know not; but the Nation has been warn'd sufficiently against your *Ecclesiastical Officers*, *Prelatical Men*, *Courtiers*, *Pensioners*, *Debauchees*, and the like.

*Bum.* Nay, we made the veriest Rogues of 'um in the Countreys too, As *Papists*, *Atheists*, and the Devil and all. And yet let me tell ye, the Court and Country-Party carry'd it in many places in sight of the Hearts of us; but that's no fault of Ours, you'll say. Hold a little, did not you tell me *to* other day, that we should bring our *Petitions* about again.

*Citt.* Yes, I did, but the Committee has taken up other Resolutions since; for it made such a Noise ye see, that People were taken Notice of, and undone by't. This Phancy of *Preroguing* and *Dissolving* has dash'd all.

*Bum.* So that *Petitioning* is quite out of Doors then.

*Citt.*

*Citt.* No, not so neither, *Bumpkin*; but we must look hereafter to the *Timing*, and to the matter of our *Petitions*. Our *Cock-brain'd Linnen-Draper* there made a filthy stir; I would his Tongue had been in a Cleft-stick.

*Bum.* Well; but there are *Swinging Petitions* afoot yet; for all this.

*Citt.* Nay we may live to see some of the *Lords Spiritual* and *Temporal* upon their *Mary-Bones* yet, before we have done with 'um. But not a word of this, till we see how the *Parliament's* in *Tune* for't.

*Bum.* And that's but reason, *Citt*; for fear We should be for One Thing, and They for Another.

The Wisdom  
of the Long  
Parliament.

*Citt.* Wherefore 'twas wisely done of the *Long Parliament*, to have a *Private Cabal* of their own: For so long as they draw the *Petitions* *Themselves*, the *House* and the *Petitioners* would be sure to agree upon the matter.

*Bum.* So much for the *Timing*, and the *Matter* of *Petitions*. But when shall we come to the point of *Swearing*, *Citt*?

*Citt.* I'll lead you to't in a Trice; First we *Petition*, for one thing after another, till we come at last to be *Deny'd*; The next *Advance* is to *associate*, and then to *Swear*.

*Bum.* Well! but this must be under the *Banner* of the *People's Representative*.

*Citt.* No doubt on't; and that's the easiest thing in the World to compass, if we can but, *First*, get a *Right House* of *Commons*; and then *Liberty* for them to *Sit* till all *Grievances* be *Redress'd*: which was the very end of putting in a *Clause* for't in the *Late Petition*.

*Bum.* If we could bring it to That once, we should be just in the *Old Track* again. But what kind of *Oath* must it be at last?

The Composition  
of a  
Popular Oath.

*Citt.* It must be an *Oath* made up of *Ambiguities*, and *Holy Words*; not a half-penny matter for the *Sense* on't; for you must know, that though it looks like an *Oath* of *Religion*, on the *One-side*, 'tis an *Oath* of *Allegiance*, on the *Other*; and a *Disclaimer* of the *King's*, in *Submission* to the *Sovereignty* of the *Commons*.

*Bum.* There's no great *Question* to be made of the *Effect* of such an *Oath*, and such a *Conjuncture*, as is here suppos'd; but how shall we come at it *Ipse* thee?

*Citt.* *Time*, and *Patience* overcome all things, *Bumpkin*. We have *Friends*, *Brains*, *Money*, and the grace of making the best of our *Opportunities*. One man is wrought upon by *Ambition*,  
Another



Another by *Avarice*; a Third by *Revenge*; and we have our ways of *Access* to all *Humours*, and *Persons*. How many *Favorites* do we read of, that for fear of *Impeachments*, have *Sacrific'd* their *Masters*, to save *their own skins*. For *Princes themselves* are not without their *Tractable*, and *Easie Seasons*, of being *Prevail'd* upon.

Bum. *From what you have here deliver'd, I draw this General Conclusion; that Change of Accidents must of Necessity produce Change of Methods, and Resolutions: ( Provided always, That there be still maintain'd a Tendency, though by Several ways, to the Same End ) and that, in all Cases, the Oath is the Sanction of the Confederacy.*

Change of accidents produce change of Resolutions.

Citt. You have it Right thus farr *Bumpkin*; and you see what *Power* an *Oath* has as well upon the *Bodies*, as the *Minds* of men; even to the blowing up of the *Soundest Foundations*, and to the drawing *Order* afterward out of That *Confusion*. You see, in short, the *Effects* of it in a *Political* way; and the *Ordinary Means* of gaining it. You would not think now, what an *Advantage* He has above *Other People*, in the *Common Affairs* and *Business* of the *World* ( even betwixt *Man and Man* ( that has been train'd up in This *School of Popular Confederacies*, and *Contrasts*.

Bum. *Nay, Practice, and Experience, are Mighty Helps, beyond all peradventure: But yet I have seen some People go a great way in Swearing, by the meer strength of Nature.*

Natural Faculties in Swearing.

Citt. Yes, yes; for a *Down-right Dunstable*, *Through-pac'd* way of *Swearing*; a *Ready Tongue*, with a *good Memory*; and a *Competent stock of Assurance* will do very *Pretty* things.

Bum. *Why I had a Friend s'other day that was at a loss for a Release, he made no more ado, but away into Alsatia, where he told his Story in the Hearing of two Competent Witnesses; and whip Sir Jethro, they had him in a Twinkling, and so brought him off with Honour.*

Citt. This *Old Fashion'd* way did well enough in *Strafford's* days and *Laud's*; But we are now infinitely *Refin'd*. And yet I cannot but allow that a *Happy Genius* may do a great deal that way; but when you come to *Casuistical Points* that require *Reading*, *Conference*, and *Invention*; what will become of your *Thorough-pac'd Alsatia-man*, do ye think, with his *Natural Talent*?

*Why thou art in the Altitudes, Citt; a Casuistical Oath sayst? What is the knack of that same Casuistical Oath, I pre'thee.*

A Casuistical  
Oath.

*Citt.* A Casuistical Oath, Bumpkin, is an Oath with a Nicety in it: which Nicety may be solv'd Two ways: either by bringing the Oath to the Conscience, or the Conscience to the Oath. As for Example; The Covenant was a Casuistical Oath, wherein the Words were First brought to the Conscience, and then the Conscience to the Intent.

Cases of Con-  
science.

*Bum.* Let me put some Cases to ye; suppose a Man sworn out of his Right by One False Oath: Whether or no may a Body swear him into't again by Another?

*Citt.* Without dispute you may: (See the Holy Commonwealth) For it becomes an Oath of Providence, when it is apply'd to the maintenance, and support of Truth and Justice. And this holds too in swearing against the Enemies of the Gospel; when the Excellency of the End atones for the Iniquity of the Means. Or at worst, 'tis but venturing to become a Cast away (after a Scripture-Example) for a General Good.

The Saints  
shew a Text  
for all they  
do.

*Bum.* Ay, that's a sure way *Citt.* for a man to shew a Text for all he does. As how should the Saints have warranted their Violence against the Late King, and his Loyal Nobility; if it had not been for that Text in their favour, they shall bind their Kings in Chains, and their Nobles in Links of Iron.

*Citt.* Or let us imagine that a Man has a Wife and Children, and not a bit of bread to put into their Heads: what do you think of a False Oath, in such a Case for a Livelihood?

*Bum.* Nothing Plainer, for he's worse than an Infidel that does not provide for his Family.

A. Nice Point.

*Citt.* But then here's Another subtilty for ye: One man swears what he thinks, and it proves False: Another swears what he does Not think, and it proves True. As thus, I see a person walking in his Formalities, and swear, there goes such a Doctor; and it proves to be a Baboon; I see somebody in the Chair, and take him for a man of Quality, and he proves to be a Knight of the Post.

*Bum.* This is only swearing to the best of a mans knowledge.

*Citt.* But what if I should swear that Gentleman in the Gown, to be a Baboon, and the other resemblance of a man of Quality, to be a Knight of the Post: And yet, without my believing either the One or the Other, they prove to be such, How goes That point.

*Bum.* Such an averment (I conceive) is to be taken rather for an Inspiration, than an Oath.

*Citt.* Now there's *Another* way of swearing-too: And that is, Swearing with a *Salvo* or *Reserve*; which the *Doctors* of the *Separation* with a *Salvo*, have in great *Perfection* (the *Jesuits* call it a *Mental Reservation*) as the *King's JUST Privileges*: — According to the *BEST-REFORMED Churches*. — As far as *LAWFULLY* I may — and the like.

*Bum.* What do ye think of Him that parting from a good Fellow *Vulgar shifts*, with a *Pot at's Head*, made *Affidavit in Court* (to excuse his Non-appearing) that he left him in such a Condition that he believ'd he could not live a quarter of an hour in't?

*Citt.* Ay ay, and the guiding of a *Dead mans hand* to the signing of a *Deed*, and then swearing to the *Hand*, these are *Vulgar shifts*.

*Eum.* But pray'e what's the meaning of that *Text* that says, *Swear not at all*? For we must live up to our *Rule*.

*Citt.* If we had not *Other Texts* to *Justifie* swearing, we must have understood it according to the *Letter*. This is only meant of *Profane, Customary, Vain, and Inconsiderate Swearing*, without either *Provocation*, or *Profit*. And it is better certainly for a man to make his *Fortune* by *One Pertinent Oath*, securing his *Future State*, by a matter of twenty pound a year, to a *Lecture*, when he dyes; then to go to the *Devil*, out at the *Elbows*, for a *Million of Idle ones*. Aganst swear-  
ing without  
Profit.

*Bum.* But what did ye mean, e'en now by *Conference*, and *Invention about swearing*?

*Citt.* *Conference* is nothing in the *World* but putting of your *Fiddle in Tune*: And *Invention* helps every man in the *Gracing* of his *Part*. But then there's the *Invention WHAT*, and the *Invention HOW*; the *Invention of the Matter*, and the *Invention of the Manner*? 'Tis enough, as to the *Matter*, that it be fitted to the *strefs of the Question*: But the *Regulating of the Manner* requires great *Skill, Care, and Judgment*. There's nothing that more recommends an *Evidence*, either to the *Bench*, or *Jury*, than *Modersty of Behaviour*, (even to the degree of *Bashfulness*) *Mildness of Speech*; a seeming *Scruple* of being *Positive*, where the point is nothing to the *purpose*: But a *Discovery of Passion, Fierceness, and Prepossession* in a *Cause*, spoils all, and makes the *Testimony* look like *Malice or Revenge*. Of Conference  
and Invention  
in Swearing.

*Bum.* I'm instructed thus far. But where's the *Advantage* all this while, that an *Old Covenanter* has of a *Novice*, as you were saying e'en now?

The advantage an old Covenanter has of a Novice.

*Citt.* Oh, they are *Many*, and *Great*. *First*, he has gotten the *Command* of his *Conscience*, and brought it to *Seap*, and *Turn*; at pleasure. *Secondly*, He's true to his *Mark*, spring him what Game ye will, he flies it *Home*: *Thirdly*, He has the *Digestion* of an *Estrib*; for after the *Swallowing* of the *Crown*, and the *Mitre*, there's nothing rises in his *Stomach*. *Fourthly*, there's no fear of *him*, for *snivling*, or *repenting*, and telling of *Tales*; for he's above the *Common Fooleries* of *Counsel*, *Argument*, or *Re-morse*.

*Bum.* Nay, 'tis with our *Consciences* as with our *Jades*; a *Phancy*, or a *Wind-mill*, put them out of their *Watts*, till they're us'd to it. And there's no fear of his *Flinching* neither, *Please* grant ye: For a *Conscience* that has stood firm under the *Ruine* of *Three Kingdoms*, will never *Boggle* sure in the *Case* of *Single Persons*. And yet I find many of our *Old Stagers* come about too. How shall I distinguish now which of them are *Sound*; and which *Rotten* at *Heart*?

*Citt.* There were *Some*, ye must know, that swore either in *Simplicity*, or to save a *Stake*: And *Others* in *Design*. Now those that were *Noos'd Before*, may be hamper'd *Again*, and those that comply'd for *Advantage*, *Then*, will do so *Still*. And for the *Designers*, they may be known by the favour they shew to their *Old Principles*, and *Friends*; which is an *Infalible* sign of the *Old Leaven* in them *Still*.

*Bum.* I'm of thy *Opinion*, *Citt*; and that they'll do us the *Service* still, of *Honourable* spies in an *Enemies* *Quarter*.

*Citt.* But what do we talk of *True*, and *False*; which, in this *Fallible* world, is little more than *Matter of Opinion*? A *True Oath-Out-sworn*, passes for a *False* one; and a *False Oath*, not detected, passes for a *True* one: So that the *Scandal* of the *One*, and the *Reputation* of the *Other*, is a thing of *Meer Chance*. Nay, in the practice of the *World*, 'tis rather the *Folly*, than the *Crime* of the *Fallhood* that marks a man for a *Rascal*: For why should *Perjury* be more *Venial* in *One* *Case*, than 'tis in *Another*? *Damne, Sarrah*, (says a *Huff* to his *Lacquay*) if I don't beat your brains out; and yet he does not so much as *Touch* him. A young *Fellow* says a thousand times more to his *Mistress*, or to his *Creditor*, and makes not one word of it good. A *Bully* will do as much to an *Unbelieving Taylor* for a *Suit of Clothes*, though he never intends to pay him. And yet here's no *Talk* of *Inditements*, *Pillories*, or *Loss of Luggs* in the *Case*.

*Bum.*

True and false, only matter of opinion.

Bum. *The Reason holds, I must confess; though the Instances do not perfectly Agree: For the One is an Oath Originally False in the Matter of it; and the Other is an Oath, made False by a Subsequent breach of it.*

Citt. Well, but all is *For-swearing* still. And why a *Perjury* in *Choler*, in *Love*, for a *Paultry Sum of Money*, or a pair of pitiful *Trowsers*; should pass only as words of Course, and yet so much Load he laid upon a *stretch* for the Relief of a *Necessitous Family*, the gaining of an *Estate*, the Preserving of *Religion*; and perhaps the Conversion of a *Kingdom*: This is a thing, I say, that I do not Comprehend.

Bum. *This is the Law, the Law, Citt; the damn'd Law! that's the Ruine of us all. And what is this Law at last?*

Citt. It is just throwing up of *Cross* or *Pile* in a *Vote*. We took *Cross*, and it happen'd to be *Pile*; and so we *lost* it. In short, and in earnest, we are guilty of Breach of Faith in the most solemn duties of our Christian Profession.

Bum. *Thou hast spoken more for the Power, the Mystery, and the Benefits of Swearing, then the whole Assembly of Divines, the blessed synod themselves. I prethee try thy skill now upon the Faculty of LYING: which as it Naturally goes before the Oiber; so I think it should have preceded too in the Order of place.*

Citt. So it does, and it should have so preceded; but that *Swearing* and *Lying* comes better off the Tongue, methinks, than *Lying* and *Swearing*.

Bum. *This Lying is but a Course word; the precise folk in the Country call it Fibbing; but That will not do so Well neither: For Fibbing and Lying, differ just as Tripping, and Stumbling, or in some sense, as Jest and Earnest. So that I find it must be Lying at last.*

## The Laudable Faculty of LYING.

Citt. To handle the point Methodically, *Bumpkin*, there are *Lyes Tacit*, *Lyes, Tacit*, and *Express*. *Tacit*, as by *Looks, Signs, Actions, Gestures, Inarticulate Tones*, *Express*, as *Words at Length*; and those *Lyes* either of *Creation, Composition, Subtraction, Amplification, Addition*: I might carry it farther to *Lyes Ecclesiastical*, and *Quil*, but I'm loth to spin the Thred too Fine.

Bum.



Bum. *These are high points, Citt; how shall a man tell a Lye 1 pre'sbee, without Opening his Mouth?*

Citt. *Why? did'st thou never hear of the Language of the Fingers? But the Question is here upon Hinting One thing, and Meaning Another; and especially in Politicks, and Religion, in order to a Thorough Reformation.*

A Thorough  
Reformation.

Bum. *I have heard a world of Talk of that same Thorough Reformation; all our Meetings ring on't; and there's such a deal of Clutter about the Babylonish Garmen; the not leaving of a Hoof behind; Root and Branch, and the Like: But I could never reach the bottom on't yet.*

A Partial and  
a Thorough  
Reformation.

Citt. *Take notice then that there is a Simple, or Partial Reformation; and there is a Thorough Reformation; the First, in the Language of the Reformers, is only Pruning of some Exorbitancies in Church and State; As the Regulating of the Kings Court, paring the Nails of the Prerogative; the Lopping off here and there a Rotten Lord, or a Popish Bishop; the Removal of an Evil Counsellor, the purging of a Disaffected House of Commons, or so: The Other leaves no King, no Lord, no Bishop, no House of Commons at all; and briefly, it signifies the turning of a Monarchy into a Commonwealth, an Episcopacy into a Presbytery, and our Great Charter into our Will and Pleasure. In One word; it is Dismounting of our Superiors, and getting our selves into the Saddle.*

The End of  
this Reformation.

Bum. *Well, but This must be done by degrees.*

Citt. *Ay marry must it, Bumpkin; and many a good morrow too, before we come to the point. There must be Petition upon Petition, Remonstrances, Grievances, Popery, Tender Consciences, Fastings, Seeking of the Lord, Religion, Liberty, and Protections without End.*

Bum. *Yes, yes, ye told me somewhat of this before, but it lies in a little compass; We must Get what we can by Begging, and then Take the Rest.*

The Reformers  
Two To-  
piques.

Citt. *But now let me shew ye in General, how this is to be done. Whatsoever Lessens the Government, and Exalts the Dissenters in the Eyes of the People, we are to consider as a proper Medium toward a Thorough Reformation; and this must be done by Hook or by Crook; but provided the thing be done, no matter how.*

Bum. *But however Citt; we had better do't upon the Square, as far as the Matter will bear it, and make out the Rest by Fibbing.*

Their Aft and  
diligence.

Citt. *That's a thing of course Bumpkin, to uncover the Nakedness of the Government, and rip up the Errors, and Distempers of Church*



Church and State. Why we have a Committee for the Registering of *Mile-Administrations*; we have our *Spies* up and down from the *Bed-Chamber* to the *Meal-Tub*: There's not a *Tennis Court*, not a *Bawdy House*, not an *Eating*, or *Drinking-House* about the *Town* that *escapes us*; not a *Glass*, not a *Word*, not a *Frolick* in any Considerable Family, but we have it upon *Record*, and we have those that will make it all good too upon *Oath*.

Bum. And this goes a great a way, let me tell ye, Citty; for the People never consider that Rulers are *Flesh and Blood*; as well as Other men: and if any thing goes amiss, they think there's no setting it Right again, without taking the whole Frame to Pieces.

Citt. True Bumpkin, and that's the thing that must do our Work; but then if *Truth*, and matter of *Fact* will not hold out; we must have Recourse to *Invention*. And now I come to my Text. You remember the two *Topiques* I gave ye, of lessening the Government, and Advancing our selves.

Bum. Yes, yes, but a Government may be Lessen'd several ways; Several ways Lessen'd in Authority, Lessen'd in Power, Lessen'd in Reputation; of lessening that is to say, in the Esteem, and Affections of the People, either by Authority. Hatred, or Contempt.

Citt. Very well, and so have we our several ways of making our selves Popular: All which must be done by improving Opportunities before us, toward these two Ends.

Bum. But pretbee tell me what advantage can we make of Signs, The language or how shall a man tell a Fib, without a word speaking. of Nature above that of Compact.

Citt. Why dost not thou know (Bumpkin) that the Language of Nature is infinitely more Powerful and Significant, than that of Compact? 'Tis impossible to put the force of Looks, Groans, Actions, A Lie without a word speaking. and Gestures into Words: Is it not a Lye to look as if we pray'd, and yet Curse in our Hearts; Or under Colour of a Charity, to put a shilling into the Bason, and take half a Crown out? Lord turn the Kings Head; (says the man above) which draws so sorrowful a Countenance after it, from one end of the Tabernacle to the Other, that you'd swear we were either falling into the 'levenb Persecution, or that the Pope were already on this side Highgate.

Bum. 'Tis a strange thing Citty, the Agreement that we find in many things, betwixt Reasonable Creatures, and brute Animals, One Grone runs quite through the Meeting, just as One Note, sets a whole pack of Beagles a yelling.

Citt. This way of juggling, and Dissembling by Signs is certainly

ly very *Artificial*, and of *Incredible Effect*; but a man may better understand, than express it: And *Our People* are the most dextrous of all men living at that way of Address.

Of Fibbing in words at length.

Burn. But what say you now to the business of Lying, or Fibbing, in words at length? Pray'e take your Heads in Order, and read upon them: And let me see some Instances how to apply them to the purposes of drawing the Affections of the People from the Governm<sup>nt</sup>, to our selves.

Citt. There is, First, a Lye, or (let it be rather) a Figment of Creation, which Imports the raising of Something out of Nothing, and is a Figure not to be employ'd, but with Infinite Caution.

Burn. Præthee go on Citt (for my Brain Clarifies strangely upon't) and make me understand where I may make use of it; and where not.

A Lye, or Figment of Creation.

Citt. It may be useful, where the present Belief of a thing may be of greater Benefit, and Service, then the Future Discovery of it, can be a Detriment: As the Figment of the Late Kings being Confederate with the Irish Rebels, the Cavaliers cruelty at Branford, &c. Now though these Impostures had no Foundation at all, they serv'd the present turn yet, for the moving of the City, and the drawing of men together upon that Occasion; and when the Truth came afterwards to Light, the Forgery was only taken notice of as a Cheat, and that was all.

Burn. Ay, and I have hear'd of the Fobb'd Letters, and the Plague-plaisters, and the Tricks they bad in those days, still as One Plot cool'd, for the bolting of Another. These Devices stood 'um in great stead; and we have seen something on't of Late, in the Rumours of the Kings raising an Army to aw the City, and the Parliament: and the Forty Thousand French upon the Isle of Purbeck, These Stories let me assure you Citt, keep the Humour stirring.

Citt. But what do you think of the Invention of the Protestant Martyrs Domestick? Where he tells ye of one of his Royal Highnesses Servants at Edinburgh, that was worse than Malcus'd, for he bad both his Ears cut off; and then of the throwing Stones at the Windows of his Oratory?

Burn. Why Citt, was this a Lye (as thou calst it) of Creation then?

The Protestant Domesticks Mistake.

Citt. Without the least Colour for't in the World. Now 'tis not the Fiction, but the Imprudence of it, that Vexes me: For as to the Former, it is certain that the Duke was treated both in Himself, and in his Train, with the Highest Instances of Welcome and Respect imaginable: And then for the Other, the

Scots

Scots were so far from *discommenancing* the Office of the Church, that a great many of the Nobility, and persons of Quality have taken up the Use of it in their Own Families. Now for him to impose this Fiction upon the World, without any pressing Necessity, and to no purpose at all, when he might be sure of a Contradiction by the next Post; This I say was a great slip of a wise man.

Bum. Come, come, Citty, The good man is not so much to be blam'd neither; for his Intention was to render the Duke Low in the Opinion of the People, and to discredit the Common-Prayer. Pray's call to mind the account he gave of the famous Motion in the City, for the doubling of their Guards, and then set the One against the Other.

Citt. No, no, Bumpkin; This is not to reflect upon Him; but only to shew thee how to apply this Figure. There is another, and a more Profitable Fiction, in regard that it is hard to be detected, as being grounded upon Thought and Intention; as the Late Kings Delign of setting up Arbitrary Power and Popery; his purpose of coming into London one night with his Papists, and Cavaleers, to burn, kill, and ravish all before him. Now this was an Invention of great Force: For though in my Conscience his Majesty never intended it, yet the story past for current with the Multitude; only by the Vigilance of some active and zealous Patriots it was prevented. These Figures you may apply to the Head of Lessening the Credit of the Government.

Intentions not  
liable to  
proof.

Bum. And in some degree, I hope, of advancing our selves, for such a deliverance works both ways.

Citt. Oh, greatly, Bumpkin; For as the People were posselt One way against the King, for Designing upon their Liberties, Properties, and Religion, so were they as much perswaded on the Other hand, in favour of those that put themselves in the gap, to withstand That Oppression: whereas by the sequel it appear'd that the Kings Design was only to defend the Government, and the Others, to invade it.

Bum. We have run much of late upon This Vein of Intention, and it has done notably well with us too; for we have shook the very Foundation of the Government with it.

Citt. O, Bumpkin, thou dost not know the Charm of those Four Syllables, Intention; the irresistible power and virtue of that little word Affected: Popishly Affected, Tyrannically Affected; *scilicet*. This was it that blew up Three Kingdoms but the Other day; Faux's Powder under the Parliament-House was nothing to it. We have no Windows into our Breasts, and there's no proving or dis-

The Force of  
the word Af-  
fected.

proving of a *Thought*; only to those *Goblins, Fears, and Jealousies*, every thing they look upon appears *Double*, even to the *discovery* of things that have no *Being*.

Bum. *Stay a little: May not a Man suppose a Third Contrivance new, as Groundless as any of the rest? 'Tis but laying it remote enough, and the thing's Forgotten before ever the Truth can come to be Known.*

Citt. This is very well hinted, *Bumpkin*, and we have found it a very *Commodious Expedient*, even in This very *Juncture*. How many *Bruits* have been rais'd concerning *Leagues*, and *Intelligences Abroad*, *Designs*, and *Intrigues at Home*; that for a *Month* or *Six weeks* it may be, have set the *People* a madding from one end o'th *Town* to the *Other*; and at last not one syllable *True*, but all past over as if no such thing had ever been. Take me aright, *Bumpkin*; I do not speak This as condemning the *Practice*, but to set forth the *Effect* of this way of *Fibbing*.

No matter by what means, so we gain the End. Bum. That's understood, *Citt*; for 'tis not our part to *Examine* the Means, whether they be *Good*, or *Bad*; but to pursue the *End*, and bring That about, by any means whatever. But what do ye say now to the *Lye* of *Composition*, as you call it?

Composition.

Citt. It is a *Figment*, that's made up of *Truth*, and *Falshood*: but so enterwoven with *Colours*, and *Disguises*, that 'tis hard to say which is which.

Bum. As if ye should put *Rats-bane* into a *Mess* of *Porridge*: 'tis *Porridge* still, though it be *Poyson*.

Citt. Very well Alluded *Bumpkin*, and the *Truth*, or the *Porridge*, is only (as the *Doctors* call it) the *Vehicle* to convey the *Poyson*. The *Art*, and *Mystery* of this *Fibb*, lies in gaining credit on the *Fiction*, by acknowledging those *Notorious Truths* that cannot be *Conceal'd*.

Bum. Ay, ayman; for that's but telling what every body knows. As for the purpose. The *Presbyterians* took up *Arms* 'tis true, but alas! They never meant any hurt to his Majesty: and yet they took his *Royal Authority* to themselves, and seiz'd his *Shipping*, his *Forts*, and his *Revenue*.

Citt. Ay, but for that *Bumpkin*, they say learnedly that the *King* was in the *Two Houses*, when *Charles Stuart* was in the *Head* of an *Army*.

Bum. But they say again, that they never meant any hurt to his Person neither; and yet they Revil'd him, and Shot at him.

Citt.

*Citt.* The Arch-Bishop of St. Andrews was Kill'd, but then he was an Ill, Harsh Man, they say: 'twas done in Revenge, and no Act of the Kirk Party: We were mightily divided about the Scotch Rising. At first, there was no more in't than a Tumultuary Rabble that were got together to deliver themselves from an Illegal Oppression: And this pass'd for current, till it was found to be a form'd Rebellion, and that the Covenant was the Foundation of it.

*Bum.* The Doctrine's this; Not to own any thing more than needs must, and to palliate what's amiss the best we can. And so proceed I pray'e to the point of Substraction.

*Citt.* The Rule of Swearing, Bumpkin, that is to say, the Truth, A Lye of Sub-  
the whole Truth, and nothing but the Truth, does not hold in Ly- straction.  
ing; so that in this Case of Substraction, we tell the Truth, but not the whole Truth.

*Bum.* Our Common Intelligences are singularly good at this Figure: for they tell ye just as much of the Story as serves their turn, and no more.

*Citt.* They do so. Oh they are very well instructed: As in the Story of the Officer that broke a Fellows head, as they were going to Brainford to chuse Parliament Men: He tells ye of the Head-broken, but not a word of the Provocation; as the disordering of his men in the March, and their bauling out, no Courtiers, no Pensioners, no Whiteball-men. The artificial  
Improvement  
of Substaa-  
tion.

*Bum.* That's a Plaguy way though Citt; and so far Satterthwait, about firing De-la Noys House! He had the clearest proofs in the World of his Innocence; the Acquittal of the Court, and the Wench put to Death that accused him. But Honest Benjamin waves that Point, and tells ye only that ever since the Maids Condemnation, she continues firm in what she first asserted, as to her being hir'd to Commit that horrid Fact.

*Citt.* These things are of infinite use Bumpkin, and if ye mark it, there passes not a Week without scandalous Reflections upon some of the Guards, to make the People sick of 'um. And 'tis very good Policy this, for if they were out of the way, our business were done.

*Bum.* These Papers are the true Fireballs, Forty times beyond the Compositions of Powder, and Aquavite. Papers the  
true Fireballs.

*Citt.* They are so Bumpkin. There's no need of Poking them in to Hay Lifts, with Long Poles; Untiling of Houses; Breaking of Windows; Creeping into Cellars, &c. 'Tis but one Tugg at the Press, here in London; and in Eight and Forty hours ye shall see



the whole Kingdom in a Flame. And let me tell ye, this Fit of Subtraction does a great deal towards it.

Bum. And so it does in the Report these Pamphlets give ye upon all Tryals, where a Popish Cur has the good luck to come off. Don't ye see how they whip the Bench, and the Jury about the Pig-Market? Sir Thomas Gascoine was return'd Not Guilty: but it was by a Jury of his Country-men. And so ye are told the Charge, with a very slender, or no Account at all of the Defence.

Cit. Why this is by the Virtue of Subtraction: it is a kind of a Negative Lye, the Concealing any Substantial part of the Truth. They talk as if there were a Design afoot for the Suppressing of these Intelligences: and by my Soul, I believe it would be the Undoing of the Cause.

Pamphlets go-  
vern the  
Land.

Bum. Why they Govern the Land; man. Do they not make and Dissolve what Alliances they please, Arraign Judges, Condemn Innocents, Put out, and put in, what Privy Counsellors they think fit, Place, and Displace Secretaries of State, Publish the Privacies of the Cabines; And in all Cases, tell the People what they are to trust to?

Cit. Right, and all this passes for Gospel in the Country, though the Devil a word on't that's known at White-Hall. But then they have the cruellest way of Nicking a man when they have a mind to't. Such a one has got such or such a Place at Court, though so and so: and to'ther must be Committed Close Prisoner, though the Lords in the Tower may have People come to them, and play at Nine-pins.

Kissing goes  
by favour.

Bum. Ay, And then let the bravest things Imaginable be done by One man, either ye have the bare Abstract in General, of such a thing done, or nothing at all: But if Another man does but let a Fart upon a Fit of Belly-ack, there's a Thanksgiving presently all over England and Wales, proclaim'd for his Recovery.

Cit. These are Great helps Bumpkin, that we can Raise and Depress whom we please. Beside that, the Multitude from these Liberties draw this Conclusion, either they would Contradict these things if they could, Or Hinder them if they Durst. We'll go now to the Figure of Addition.

The Figure  
of Addition.

Bum. A Subtraction is the Truth, but not the Whole Truth: so Addition, I presume, is somewhat more than the Truth: But praye let me distinguish between Composition and Addition.

Cit. The Former, is the Blending and Confounding of the Truth with Fictitious Matter: The other is the piecing out of a Truth with a Falshood, when the bare Truth would not do the Work. As thus,



It is true, that the Army rais'd for some Attempt upon the *Nether-lands*, in 1673, was drawn upon *Black Heads*; But all the rest of the Story, for the Advance of the French Government, the Promoting of the *Jesuit Religion*, and the threatening of a *Siege* to fall upon *London*, is an *Additional Eminent*. It is True, that there were Fire-works found in the *Savoy*, but the *Addition* is false of being design'd according to the Story.

Bum. What's the difference now betwixt *Addition*, and *Amplification*.

Citt. *Addition* is a *Supplement* of new Fact: *Amplification* is only an *Aggravation* of the Matter in *Question*: Or in a short, the setting a flourish or a glass upon the business. And it holds as well in the making of our *Adversaries* Odious, as our *Selfes* Considerable.

Bum. I have manytimes observed that Gods Judgments and Blessings have been still either Imputed to the Wickedness of the Episcopal Party, or ascribed to the Sanctity of the Non-Conformists.

Citt. But if you will see a *Master-piece*, Read the *Preamble* to the Relation of the *Kings Army* at *Bransford*. And take this with you before-hand, that there was no cruelty exercised at all, beyond the common effects of *Hot blood* upon to *Obstinate* a dispute.

*Unnatural, Inhumane, and strange Cruelties*, send forth a Voice, and the Voice which they send forth is so loud, that it awakes even *steepe* and *sleepy* Man-kind, and stirs up their *Bowels* to an enflamed and united *Indignation*. The divided pieces of a *Woman* abused to death, needed no *Eloquence* or *Voice* of an *Orator*; they shake themselves, and they shake so loud, that they were heard by a whole *Nation*, and drew forth this *Answer*, there was no such deed done nor seen from the day that the *Children of Israel* came out of *Egypt*. Neither did they fetch only an *Answer* of *Word*, but of *Deeds*: All the *Men* of *Israel* gather'd together as *One Man*, against the *Authors* and *Abettors* of that *abominable* wickedness.

It is a *Lamentation*, and to be taken up for a *Lamentation*, that in *England* such horrid Acts should be done, that yield forth this high crying and affrighting Voice --- No such thing hath been done since *England* came out of the *Egypt* of *Rome*, &c. *Exact Collections*, Page 758.

Bum. Why this *Exclamation* was as much as the whole Cause, *What* *worth*. Ah, *Citt*, if we were no better at *Oaths* and *Ribbs*, than we are at *Arguments*, we should be carrying our *Hogs* to a fair Market.

Citt. Better at *Oaths* and *Fibbs* than *Arguments*.

Swearing and  
Lying the best  
Arguments.

*Citt.* Alas for thee *Bumpkin*, thou dost not know an Argument what thou art in. Why this Knack of Swearing and Lying is our way of Arguing; and whoever carries the Cause (let him carry it right or wrong) is the best Disputant. Præthee tell me; what wouldst thou think of any man that should go to convert the Chinese in *Welsh*, or talk Hebrew to a *Laplander*? 'Tis the same thing man, to talk Reason to the Rabble. 'Tis little less than *Papery* ye Fool; 'tis speaking in an unknown Tongue; what were all your Cavalier-Doctors, and Statesmen the better for their *Syllogisms*, their *Pointicks*, and their *Cases of Conscience*; when the very noise of *TIRANNY*, and *POPERT* beat 'um all out of the Field?

*Bum.* Nay, I must confess, *Citt*; that Our Cause is to be decided by the Multitude; and That way must needs succeed best; that is, most accommodate to the Humour and Capacity of the Controversie. But yet I could wish that thou hadst born up a little other day, to *True-man*, upon the points of Religion and Government.

Two ways of  
Reply, Reason,  
and Clamour.

*Citt.* Why you must know, *Bumpkin*, that there are Two ways of Reply upon Disputes of That Quality, the One is by Reason, (which sounds the same thing with the Apostles *Vain Philosophy*;) and the Other is by Clamour: The former is for your *Speculators*, or *Pedants*; and the other is for men of Zeal, and *Business*. But there's One has mawl'd him since, to some purpose I faith, I believe he'll have little Joy of his *Disputations*.

Little Pugg's  
witty fellow.

*Bum.* Ob, I have heard of two or three that have had a Fling at him. There's One of 'um they say that's a Devilish Witty Little Fellow, but I can't for my Blood call his Name to mind; but I think 'twas *Pugg*; or thereabouts.

*Citt.* By my Troth like enough; for one was a telling me to'other day, that the *Drill* in *Bartlemew-Fair*, with a *Leagner Pipe* in's mouth, was the very Picture of him. But didn't not thou see *Rome* Hunting-match?

Another  
shrewd Head-  
piece.

*Bum.* Yes, yes; 'tis a Broad side with a Wooden Cutt; They have put him in the Head there of the *Popes Beagles*, with a Pen in One Paw, and a Fire-ball in the Other. They call the whole Pack the *Antichristian Crew*: The Fellow has a woundy Head-piece that *Carr*'d it.

*Citt.* Ay, but the to'other girds him confoundedly, and then there's a Letter worse than That too. But this is all by way of Answer: If thou couldst but Recite his Positions now, you and I might bang it out, hand to fist, in Mood and Figure (as they say.)

*Bum.*

Bum. *Nay, let me alone for a Reciter, if That will do it.* The Crown of England is allow'd on all hands, to be Imperial, and That I lay down for my First Position.

Citt. Why then y'are a Crack-fart, and a Pensioner. Now go on, without any Demur. *Pugg's Look.*

Bum. The King is Unaccountable, and not One of the Three Estates, as Lame Giles would have him.

Citt. Y'are a Sarcophagus, and a Yorkist.

Bum. I will maintain that England is not a Mixt, but only a Qualified Monarchy.

Citt. Y'are an idle Fellow, Sirrah; and I have seen ye at Masse at the Protestant-Coffee-house.

Bum. I say again, that there is but the Governing, and the Governed; and that They are no longer the Governed, that Govern, nor the Governing that are Governed. And in Little, That Subjection and Dominion are Inconsistent, in One and the same time, and Subject. *Of Subjection & Dominion.*

Citt. Y'are an Idle, Impudent Fellow, and I'll be hang'd if I don't catch ye in the Sham-Plot. What do ye think of This now? And tell me without Complement, if I have not run this Puppy up to the Wall.

Bum. I cannot for my Life Citt. understand this way of Answering, yet.

Citt. Why prethee Bumpkin, calling of Names, is speaking to the people in a Language that they do both Understand, and Believe.

Bum. Oh, there's no Question to be made on't, a man had better be suspected for a Spirit, than for a Papist: Nay, if, it were but Popishly Affected, it would go hard with him. But what will ye say Citt. if I tell ye of a man that saw the devilish Letter that ye spoke of?

Citt. I have heard somewhat on't my self. But prethee let's confer Notes, upon't. Is there not something in't, that he would have been Fribling with a Printers Wife once; and that he promis'd to bring off her Husband if she'd have done him the good Office? I had it from Barefoot, and yon same Bacon-of-Government-man, what a Devil do ye call him? the Case-Porter at the Swan in Fish-stre; he that swell'd so at the Name of the Duke of York: Pox on't, that I should forget him now; Did ye never hear of the Thumb? as Aristippus says. *A secret.*

Bum. Why Faith Citt. I have heard as much: But I have been told too by one of the Journey-men, that she was always a good Game-some Wench; and that the Gentleman (being wellbr ed) might perhaps offer her the Civility to Oblige her. *Some body help me out.*

Citt.

The Lady no  
blabb.

Citt. I can say nothing to her *Gentlemen*; but she was no  
Blab. I can assure ye: For though she was in Court, when her Hus-  
band was *Fin'd* and *Sentenc'd* upon that *Gentleman's* Prosecution, she  
made no words on't.

Bum. That's well observ'd, Citt; For she should have told the  
Bench *no* thinks; that if she would have done so and so, 'thad ne-  
ver come to This.

Have a care of  
the Thread-  
Merchant.

Citt. Ay, but Yonder's a *Broken Thread-merchant*, *Bumpkin*, (and  
he had it from *Vir-own Brother*) told a Friend of mine, that *True-  
man*, (when *Licencing* was in fashion) would never *Licence* any thing  
against the *Papists*; and that he took money for *Licencing*; and laid  
a *Tax* upon his *Majesties* *Liege People*, (as *Phleg* the *Notarius* has it)  
without the consent of their *Representatives* in *Parliament*.

Bum. These are bloody things, Citt; and they resolve to scour him as  
bright as silver, before they have done with him.

Citt. Nay, if we don't make him either a *Papist*, or *Papishly Af-  
fected*, I'll dye for't: Yes, or any man living, that has either a  
good *Estate*, good *Furniture* in's house, *Money* in his *Pocket*, or *Brains*  
in his *Head*.

Bum. Well, but to my knowledge, Citt, *Trueman* does not value him-  
self upon any of these *Qualifications*. But prettise let's leave this *Noddy* a  
little, and talk of something else; what dost think was the reason that our  
*Parliaments* have been put off so of Late?

Matters of  
State.

Citt. The very Question that I put t'other day my self; and  
'twas answer'd Thus. That the *Nation* could not be *Happy*, but  
in the *Preservation* of the *Government*, as it is establish'd by *Law*: for  
the tearing of the *Law* to pieces, must needs distract the *People*,  
when they have no *Rule* to walk by: That a great many worthy  
Persons were disappointed in the *Elections*, by being mis-repre-  
sented to the *People*: That by these *Practices*, divers Persons were  
obtruded upon the *Nation*, of remarkable *Disaffections* both to  
*Church* and *State*: And that therefore, I suppose, they might be put  
off, to the end that some *Other Discharge* might be composed, before  
their *Meeting*.

Bum. Well! and what Return did'st thou make him?

Citt. I told him, he *Smelt* of the *Court*; and that he had a *Pope*  
in's belly: and so I would have no more to do with him.

The old To-  
pique.

Several sorts  
of graces.

Bum. These *People* are grown *Strangely bold* of Late. But *Perse-  
verance* is a *Grace*, Citt; that will carry us on, thorough *Thick* and  
*Thin*.

Citt. Now thou talk'st of a *Grace*, *Bumpkin*; there is not any  
*Action*;



*Action, or Profession, in Humane Life, without its peculiar Graces. There are the Graces of the Tubb, and of the Pulpit; the Quack, and the Doctor; Nay, the Academy, and the Padd, as the Scotchman said of Du-Vall, that was Truss'd up for the High-way. By my Saule Sir, ( says he ) It would have done your Heart good to have seen That Gentleman upon Action. One man becomes the Bench; Another the Stage: And ye shall see One man Robb a Church with a better Grace than Another Erects an Hospital.*

Bum. *And then we call a Well-affected Brother, a Babe of Grace.*

Citt. That's somewhat near the matter, Bumpkin; for the Grace that we have to do withal, is only a certain Gift of Impulse, that disposes a man to the Exercise of his Trade, and Calling. As for Example; What's a Pick-pocket the better for his skill in Diving, if he has not the Grace to keep his hands in Ure? But now for thy Perseverance thorow Thick and Thin, there's more in That, perhaps, than thou art aware of; for there's a difference betwixt Staring, and Stark-mad.

Bum. *I prethee be clear, Citt; that we may understand one another.*

Citt. The Dutch have a very good Proverb, Heaven helps the strongest; ( they say ) So long as Providence is on Our side Bumpkin, all's Well; but I'm not for Running my Head against Stone-Walls.

Of Perseverance.

Bum. *But how far must we go then, Citt; and whither Next?*

Citt. Take me for thy Guide, Bumpkin, and my life for thine thou shalt never Miscarry. The Game we have to play is a kind of Trick-Track: ( but what do I talk of Trick-Track to a Bumpkin ) the great Nicety is to know when to go Off.

Bum. *So that in some Cases I find we may go off: But why must I swear so damnably against Flinching then?*

Citt. Because we are bound in Honour, Bumpkin, not to Flinch: But if the Cause itself Flinches, who can help it?

Bum. *What do you think then of the Five Scottish Martyrs, who maintain'd it to the Death that the Killing of the Arch-Bishop was no Murder; and the Rising, no Rebellion. And yet ( as I take it ) Their Cause bad Flinch'd to some tune, when the whole Party was either Cut off, Routed, or taken Prisoners.*

Citt. As a friend, Bumpkin, the world is made up of Fools, and Knaves; Some are to Act, and Others to Contrive; the Fools are to keep up the Claim, and the Knaves, when time serves, are to take Possession.

E

Bum.



Abolution  
from Oaths  
and Promises.

Bum. *Well, but what must become of Us in the Interim then?*

Citt. The *Interim* (as thou call'st it) is a kind of *Inter-regnum*; wherein we are *Abso'v'd* (as it were) by a certain *Extraordinary Dispensation*, from all Bonds, Civil, and Moral, till we can get *Uppermost again*.

Bum. *So that here are Two Providences, One upon the heel of the Other: The One in turning all our Oaths, and Promises, in the Interval, into Nullities; And the Other is an allowance of us to make the best of the First Opportunity.*

Citt. That's well Collected: For all Oaths, and Promises are *Void*, when the thing promised ceases to be in our *Own Power*: And an Oath that was made in the *Flesh*, may be broken in the *Spirit*.

Bum. *Deliver me! Here's Trueman just upon us. If he talks a gain, stand to him, Citt.*

Citt. The Rogue has us in's Eye; and there's no slipping into the Wood; but let me alone with him.

### Enter Trueman.

Tru. Well met Gentlemen. What? you're for a Mornings Draught at *Hamstead* (I suppose,) I'll e'en back again and keep ye Company.

Citt. If you please, Sir, 'tis a fine Walk.

Tru. So; and how go Squares since the crash we had yonder at

—— *What do ye call the Place?*

Tom and Dick. Citt. Oh, very well; there's a Book come out that proves a man may talk of *Religion*, and *Government* as learnedly over a Dish of *Coffee*, as over a Pot of *Ale*—— There's a *Bob, Bumpkin*, by the way of Tom and Dick,----(aside.)

Tru. Look ye, Here's the Book. I ha' just read it over.

A High-flight  
of Wit.

Bum. Pray let me see's a little.----*Ay, here 'tis; I wonder in my heart what the man means by putting Strange, and Strangely; and Strange and Stranger again, in the 5th. and 6th. Pages here, in the great Black English Letter, so different from the rest of the Book.*

Tru. Nothing in the world but a high-flight of Wit; as if a man that is in *Trouble*, should cry, *O this Villanous, Rascally Care!* Or tell a *Glaivering Cur* that *Fawns* upon ye to your Face, and *Bawls* at ye behind your back, *O y'are Curts, Sir.*

Bum. *Well, but I'm with you once again, What do you think of your University-Dul-man there, Pag. 12. with his, O Lord, make these*

Young

*Young Willows* to grow up to be *Old Oaks*; that they may become *Timber*, fit to *Wansecote* thy *New Jerusalem*.

*True*. Upon my Credit, this *Dulman* was a *Presbyterian* (For your *Divines* have, here and there, an *University-man* among them) And it was another of the *Same Stamp*, that told God Almighty in his Prayer; Lord, if thou didst but know what our Friends Suffer now in Ireland, &c.

*Citt*. Pray'et me have a word now; How will ye justify the calling to mind, relating, and Printing, (notwithstanding the *Acts of Oblivion*) all the Evils of our Late Rebellion? as we find it charg'd, pag. 22.

*True*. Nay, rather, *Citt*, how will You acquit your selves, either to God; or Man, for doing the same things over again; if it be so heinous for Other people to Remember them? As if a Pardon for One Rebellion, were an Authority for Another.

*Citt*. Pray'et me read This Passage to ye Here, Pag. 28. *He that is not against us, is with us. And I never heard be* (speaking of *L'Estrange*) *ever wrote against Catholics; except it were a Protestant Catholic; (and that (he says) is a Solæcism.) But he has pepper'd the Presbyterians. A Protestant (he says) is a Lutheran; and a Catholic the Characteristical Note of a Christian; And it seems, he would have the Church of England stick up her bristles, and disown all Fellowship with Protestants abroad, and knock out all Nonconformists brains at Home; as the only way to prevent Popery: What do ye think on't?* A Learned Piece.

*True*. Why Ple tell ye *Citt*; you never writ against *Incest*; are ye for it therefore? *L'Estrange* never writ against the *Alcoran*; is he therefore a *Mahumetan*? Neither do I find any thing you have Cited of him, but what is *True*, and *Warrantable*. You say he has pepper'd the *Presbyterians*; and the world knows they have need of *Seasoning*. But why the *Bristles* of the Church of England? For the *Beasts*, ye know, are all in the *Parlours*. Nor does he speak One word of dividing from *Protestants abroad*: Only upon *Dr. Oates's Testimony*, that the *Priests* lye lurking among the *Non-conformists*, he very Honestly advises the *Ferretting* of the *Conventicles*: And this your Author calls forsooth, *The beating out the brains of the Non-conformists*.

Bless me Gentlemen! is This the *Pillar* of your Profession? the *Pugg* the *Mouth*, and *Advocate* of your Cause? Why there's not one grain of *Common Sense*, *Honesty*, or *Good Manners* in't; Not a *Ragg* that would not bring a *Scandal* upon a *Dust-Cart*. mouth of the Cause.

Puggs Narra-  
tives.

*Citt.* You may value't as you please; but he has done as much in his *Narratives* for the *Protestant Religion*, it may be, as any man; and with as good applause too, though they pass in other peoples Names.

*Burn.* 'Tis an admirable Piece, That of his about the Fires, and several Other things too, really that would make a mans heart ake.

*True.* If thou mean'st by way of *Compunction*, *Bumpkin*, I can't Imagine how One man can repent of Another mans Sins. But I suppose thou Speak'st of *Earth-quakes*, and *Signs* in the *Ayr*; which are enough to make a mans heart Ake indeed.

Puggs Facul-  
ties.

*Citt.* And then for his *Stile*, *Trueman*, He has a *Copia Verborum*, for all Sorts and Sizes, of *Masters*, and *Men*; as *Rogue*, *Rascal*, *Knave*, *Villain*, *Traylor*, *Trash*, *Trumpery*, *Trinkets*, and so forth, till this time *Twelve-month*. He undertake he shall Pelt ye a *Cathedral-man* *Four and Twenty Hours* by *Shrewsbury Clock*, and not call him Twice by the same Name. And then on the Other side, If he has the hap (in the heat of his *Carier*) to stumble upon a poor *Dissenting Brother*, he licks his lips upon't, and pours forth nothing but *Milk and Honey*: Oh the *Precious Ones*, *The Chosen of the Lord*, and more *Heavenly Epithetes* then would lie betwixt *Thou* and *Highgate*.

*True.* But has he any *Languages* too?

*Citt.* If you had him but one half-hour upon the *Talking-Pin*, you'd swear that he had swallow'd *Calepines Dictionary* whole, and spew'd it up again; And such a *Memory* —

*True.* These are wonderful *Faculties* *Gentlemen*, to qualify a man to be the *Advocate* of a Party.

*Citt.* But what if the Gentleman were as despicable as you make him? what's that to our *Profession*?

*True.* Oh very much; for if he be Your *Representative*, You Speak in Him; and he does but *Blunder*, *Rail*, *Falsifie*, and *Cobble* in your Name, and by Your *Commission*: If it be otherwise, disown him. But what is your *Profession* First?

*Citt.* We do profess our selves to be *Loyal Subjects* to his Majesty in his *Just Authority*; and *True Protestants*, according to the *Pattern* and *Practice* of the best *Reformed Churches*.

*True.* That is to say, in *Plain English*, you are *Covenanters*.

*Citt.* Well, but I hope a man may be both a *Good Subject*, and a *Good Christian*; and yet a *Covenanter*.

*True.* Can he be a *Good Christian* that reviles the *Mother* of our *Blessed Saviour*, that Stabs the *Babe* in her *Arms*, in *Effigie*: that

Decryes

The Cove-  
nancing Chri-  
stian and Sub-  
ject.

Decryes the *Lords Prayer*, as *Apocryphal*, that *Robs Cesar* of his *Due*, and *Consecrates* his *Profession*, with *Violence*, and *Blood*? Or can *He* be a *Good Subject*, that gives *Laws* to his *Sovereign*; *Nay*, that takes away his *Crown*, and his *Life*, and *Tramples* upon his *Fellows* as his *Slaves*?

*Citt.* Why what's all this to the *Covenant*?

*True.* Yes, by *That Covenant*, all this was done: And by *That Covenant*, *Unrenounced*: All this must be done again, whenever it is in your *Power*. *Nay* you are *Covenant-Breakers* in the *Not* doing of it, if you were *Covenant-keepers* in the doing on't.

*Citt.* Well; but the business of the *Covenant* was only to deliver the *King* out of the *Hands* of the *Papists*, to demolish all *Monuments* of *Superstition* and *Idolatry*, and to settle a *Thorow Reformation*. All the mischief fell in by the *By*.

*True.* Very good; and you took him out of the hands of *Papists*, to deliver him into the hands of the *Executioner*; Did ye not? Truly a high *Obligation*! And then for your zeal against *Idolatry*, a *Rich Crucifix*, that was an *Idol* in a *Papists* hand, became a *Movable* in yours; for commonly what ye *Took*, ye *Sold*: and your *Thorow Reformation* ended in a *Sacrilegious Rapine* and *Confusion*. And so you're welcome to your *Journeys End*.

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THE END.